Be a star storyteller!

Telling stories can be rewarding and fun … and it’s a great way to stimulate children's imagination and their use of language. If you grew up having adults tell you stories, then you will probably remember the thrill of being completely swept up in a story that is well told! Here are five tips to help you be that kind of storyteller.

1. Getting started. It’s always easiest to start with what you know when you first start telling stories, so start with ones that you know well. These could be stories that were told to you as a child or ones that you have enjoyed reading over the years.

2. Think about your listeners. Choose a story that will interest your listeners and is appropriate for their ages. For example, you wouldn’t tell a ghost story to three year olds, but teenagers might enjoy it! Young children love stories about themselves and about you when you were young, especially ones that are funny or about you being naughty!

3. Paint a picture. Help to create a sense of wonder and pictures in the minds of your listeners by using:
   - interesting and expressive words
   - questions that invite your listeners to participate, for example, “And what do you think happened next?”
   - gestures, for example, reaching up to show how tall a tree or giant is
   - facial expressions, like smiling to show how happy a character was
   - eye contact with your listeners – don’t be shy, look them in the eye!

4. Practise. If you are telling a story to a group of children, practise in advance. The best place to practise is in front of a mirror. You’ll be able to check your facial expressions, gestures and whether you have used too many “ums” or “ahs”!

5. Fresh and interesting. Keep storytelling exciting for yourself by finding new stories to tell – look in books or on the Internet. Translate and adapt those stories that are only available in one language.

Find more tips for telling great stories at www.nalibali.org.

Eba mophethi wa dipale ya hlwahlwa!

Ho pheta dipale e ka ba ketao e potsang le e natefelaNg ... mme le tsela e ntle e ho tsoseletla boinahanelo ba bana le tsebedisa ya bana ya puo. Haeba a hotse batho ba bohlolo ba o phetela dipale, mohlolong o tla hopola monate wa ho hohelwa ka tse etsahalang ka hare ho pae e phetwahang ha monate! Dikeletsos tse hlano ke tsena ho o futha hone o be mofuta oo wa mophethi wa dipale.

1. Ho qala. Kamehla ba bonolo ka feta ho qala ka se ka se tsebang ha a qala ha pheta dipale, kahoo qala ka tseo o di tsebang halale. Tseo e ka mma ya ya eba dipale tseo o neng o di phetelwa o sa le ngywana kapa tseo o le ngwana le natefela ka ho di bala ka dilemo tse ngala.

2. Nahanela bamedi ba hao. Kgetha pale e fana ho laylaSwi bamedi ba hao le e letetseng dilemo tsa bana. Ho etsa mohlala, o leke wa phetela bana ba dilemo di fana pale ya dipale, empa ba dilemo ba neng le mohlola e fana le etsa ka e havela! Bana ba bavnongeyane ba rata dipale tse mabapi le bana le tse mabapi le wena ho o n o sa le mnyamoneye, haholoholo tse qabolang kapa tse bontshang kamoo o neng o thibane dibe ke tsebong!

3. Penta sethwantsho. Thusa ho bopa mukufela o bainahanelo le dithwantsho ka dikeleleng bamedi ba hao ka ho sebedisa:
   - mantswe a hoehelele le a boshang mukufela
   - dipotso tse mmesoneng bamedi ba hao hore ba be le sebso, ho etsa mohlala, “Jwale o neng o thibane ditsebe ka teng!”
   - dipantsho ka mmele, ho etsa mohlala, ho isa matsa ho kamo le bontsha kamoo se fetsa se le neng sekelele ka le bana le natho la lehlo o tsebang hore.
   - dipantsho ka sefailhele, jwaleka ho basossela ho a bontsha kamoo mophetho a neng a fanele ka teng
   - mukufela lentsweng le hao: o ka ba fanele le fapanang mantse a fapanang, jwaleka lentswe le bonolo le lese se bane o bontsha e bontsha e bane o bontsha e bontsha.
   - o shebe bamedi ba hao ka mahleng – o be di a diting, o ba shebe ka mahleng!


5. Tse ntile le tse ho kholong. Etsa hone ho pheta dipale ho dite ho thebisa ho wena ka ho bo tla le dipale tse ntile tse o di phe tseho – shebe ka hore dibuka le fanele. Fetsela le o lekisa dipale tse fanele hore ka puo e le ngwe felea!

Fumana dikeletsos tse ding hone ho pheta dipale dipale tse monate ho www.nalibali.org.

Story Power.

****Story stars****
**Spreading the joy**

The Times Knowledge Learning Foundation in KwaZulu-Natal works hard to promote reading for enjoyment. Through its 57 reading club leaders, it reaches 478 children in Durban and surrounding areas – and they have achieved all of this since October 2015! We spoke to founder and CEO, Melusi Christian Sibiya, about his passion for reading.

What does Times Knowledge Learning Foundation do?
We provide the space for children to dream and then live out their dreams! We promote reading and writing amongst children. We currently have then live out their dreams! We promote reading

Why do you do this?
It’s simple: we want all children to love reading and books! We want to turn children into lifelong readers!

What would you like to improve literacy in South Africa?
Participation. Parents need to be involved in their children’s lives. Communities need to be involved too. We need to have an attitude that “your child is my child too”.

If you were President, what would you do to improve literacy?
I’d give money to organisations that develop children’s reading and writing. I’d also make sure that every school had a library.

What languages should children’s books be in?
We need books in all South African languages. It’s fine for children to learn an additional language at school, but they also need to learn to enjoy reading and writing in their home language.

Who told you stories as a child?
My grandmother – she was always full of stories in isiZulu!

Do you read to your daughter?
My grandmother – she was always full of stories in isiZulu!

What have stories taught you?
We should love one another, an ant can defeat a lion, and what goes around comes around.

Life without stories would be …
… dull, boring and with no history or lessons.

Books are …
… friends and the world in your hands.

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**Dinaledi tsa dipale**

Ho jala thabo


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**Nal’ibali on radio!**

Enjoy listening to stories in Sesotho and in English on Nal’ibali’s radio show: Lesedi FM on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday at 9.45 a.m.

**SAfm on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.50 p.m.**

**NAL’IBALI RADIYONG**

Ntsetefela ke ho mamela dipale ka Sesotho le ka English lenaeng la radio by Nal’ibali:

Lesedi FM ka Manthata, Labobedi le Labone ka 9.45 a.m.

SAfm ka Manthata, Labonare le Labokhane ka 1.50 p.m.

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**SABC Education**

Enjoy learning more about learning. Lesedi FM on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday at 9.45 a.m.

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**Nal’ibali Foundation**

Find the Times Knowledge Learning Foundation on Facebook.

Fumana Times Knowledge Learning Foundation ho Facebook.
Your story

Here is a children's story written by twenty-six year old Thobeka Sinxo from Port Elizabeth in the Eastern Cape. Thobeka is a regular participant at the Jozi Book Fair and the Wordfest in Grahamstown. She is a keen writer who would like to have her story published as a picture book.

Ezintakene

By Thobeka Sinxo

In the beginning, there was a magical bird that flew across the great river. ThuKela. Her name was N’goni who found her song ephitjukongolo in the sunrise.

It was ephitjukongolo in the sunrise when she met the vain bird, Mr Peacock, who was proud of his coloured feathers. Yet, even as beautiful as Mr Peacock was, he could not help but envy N’goni for her black feathers.

As the stars and moon hid behind the violet clouds, Mr Peacock caught N’goni and tried to drown her in the great river, Thukela.

Splash! Mr Peacock saw his face on the river's surface; “Am I ugly here? Am I pretty there?” And away N’goni fled!

Then, N’goni met the clever bird, Mr Flamingo, who could stand on one leg for a very long time. Mr Flamingo so wished to catch a bird for his broken cuckoo clock that, when the star N’goni, he wasted no time.

Swop! Mr Flamingo snatched at N’goni but grabbed empty air. He tripped and fell and went cooing down his own cuckoo clock. Once again, N’goni escaped.

From the darkest nest in the land sang Mr Swallow, mournfully. N’goni heard his voice but …

Hark! As soon as he sees her, he hides himself in the nest. N’goni flew closer to Mr Swallow, trying to sing along. But her attempts made him close his eyes.

As the sun rose, the two birds sang:

"Let us return to the beginning.

Masiy’eMbo. Masiy’eMbo, eMbo."

And off they went taking flight towards the east.

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Na o mopheti wa dipale ya hlwahla?

Nal’ibali e se e leketsa ho tholagola tlhodiso ya yona ya selemo le selemo ya Story Bosso ka Loetse! Story Bosso ka monetya wa batha ba baholo le bana ho abelana dipale tse di ratang le ho thuza ho tsoseletsa nalanle e rulling ya Afrika Borwa ya ho pheta dipale.

Kgweding ena ya Loetse, mmoho le wena, Nal’ibali e ta keteka monono wa dipale tshe tsa rona – mme e kgethe Story Bosso a le mang ya qatshabeng! Ho utlwa haholwanyane ka sena, leba ho www.nalibali.org.
Get creative!

Here are some fun activities to grow your child’s creativity and encourage them to have fun with reading and writing.

- Tell a Joke Day on 16 August is a great opportunity to share a joke or two with your child. Consider trying a few jokes in a book or on the internet.
- If you enjoy poetry, then Poet’s Day on 21 August is the day for you! Consider creating a poem about someone or something important to you.
- If you enjoy playing games, then try the jumping game from the story in the cut-out-and-keep book.
- An autobiography is the story of your life. A biography is the story you write about someone else’s life.

Iqapele!

Tsena ke tse ding tsa diketsahalo tse natelefeng bakeng sa ho hodaisa boiqapeleng ba bana ba hao le le ho ba kgotaletsha ho natelefwa ke ho bana le ho ngola.

DID YOU KNOW?

- An autobiography is the story of your life. A biography is the story you write about someone else’s life.

NA O NE O TSEBA?

- Othobakoreretse ke pale e mabapi le bophele ba hao. Bayokeretse ke pale e o e ngolaing mabapi le bophele ba moloho e mong.

Find some old stockings and tie them together like the children did in the cut-out-and-keep book. Old stockings please. Then have fun with some friends playing the jumping game from the story.

Try this after you’ve read the Story Camer story. Koketso loses the chickens. Imagine that Koketso is writing in her diary at the end of the day. Write her diary entry for the day on which she lost the chickens. She could start like this: “Dear Diary …”.

Tell a Joke Day on 16 August is a great opportunity to spend some time reading and enjoying jokes. You get different kinds of jokes. A joke can be a story that you tell, or just a question and answer, where the answer is the funny bit. Enjoy reading the jokes on page 16 and then try writing your own. In the week of 16 August, tell a joke to at least two people each day and spend some time reading jokes in a book or on the internet.

Do you like taking photos? World Photography Day is on 19 August so why not take a photo of yourself or someone else reading in an unusual place? You can send your photo to us at info@nalibali.org. Remember to include your name and where you are from, then look out for your photo on the Nalibali Facebook page – we’ll post as many as we can there!

If you enjoy poetry, then Poet’s Day on 21 August is the day for you! Poet’s Day is dedicated to the long history of poetry in the world. Celebrate it by picking up your pen and writing a poem about something or someone important to you. Or, create a poem by using words in interesting ways to describe something you see every day, like your desk at school or the street you live in. Remember to choose words that help us to see, feel, smell, taste and/or hear what your “everyday something” is like.

Create TWO cut-out-and-keep books

1. Tear off page 9 of this supplement.
2. Fold the sheet in half along the black dotted line.
3. Fold it in half again along the green dotted line to make the book.
4. Cut along the red dotted lines to separate the pages.

Together we’re strong

1. To make this book use pages 5, 6, 7, 11 and 12.
2. Keep pages 7 and 8 in the other pages.
3. Fold the sheets in half along the black dotted line.
4. Fold them in half again along the green dotted line to make the book.
5. Cut along the red dotted lines to separate the pages.

Mmoho ne re le matsha

- Ho ntsa buka e ata sebedisa maqephele ana 5, 6, 7, 11 le 12.
- Bafokeng maqephe la 7 le 6 ka hana maqephele e mong.
- Mena maqephele e hola ho ipolokela ho banyane e hana.
- Mena sa wa matheba a matsha.
- Le mene ka hola ho ipolokela ho ntsa le hofatsa ho banyane e hana.
Get involved at bookdash.org

Together we’re strong
The story of Albertina Sisulu

Mmoho re na le matla
Pale ya Albertina Sisulu

Liesl Jobson
Alice Toich
Nazli Jacobs
One harsh winter, many people in the land were sick. Ma Monikazi’s cheeks burned. Sweat dripped from her body. She wanted to hold the icy grass to her face to cool down. Under her blanket she held her belly and sang to the baby inside her, “Be strong, little one. Winter’s not long. Be brave, little one. Together we’re strong!”

Her stomach growled when the baby’s powerful kicks woke her at night. She ate the leftover meat in the cooking pot, hungry for life.

One bright night the moon was bigger, fatter and pinker than ever. Her breath came fast. The baby was ready.

Ka tsatsi le leng mariheng a batang, batho ba bangata motseng ba ne ka lula. Marama a Mme Monikazi a ne a tšesa. Motšwadi o ne o rotho mmeleng wa hae. O ne o batla ho bea jwag bo bangata metseng ba la hae ho iphodisa. Ka tša kobo ya hae o ne a ena le maka mme ka le ka hara yona, “Tiya matla, nnana. Maritha a se a ta fela. Eba sebete, nnana. Mmoho re na le matla!”

Mpa ya hae ya rora ha ho raha ho matla ba lesea ho mo tšo tsa bospil. A ja nama e setse ng a pitse, a hapile hahola. Ka bospil ho bong bo kganyang kgwedi e ne e le kgolo, e nonne mme e le tši ke le fela. O ne a hema kapele. Lesela le ne le se le lokale.

Then Walter was arrested and many hard years followed. He was jailed on Robben Island for twenty-six years. Albertina, also, was sent to jail many times. Often she was scared. Often she was lonely.

But even on the darkest nights, she could see a sliver of moon through the window in her jail cell. She sang the song that Ma Monikazi sang before she was born, “Be strong, little one. Winter’s not long. Be brave, little one. Together we’re strong!”

Yaba Walter o a tšwara mme dilemo tse ngata tse boima tse latela. O ile a kwathlwa Robben Island ka dilemo tse mshomma a mabedi a metso e setsele. Albertina, le yena, o ile a lea a iswa tšhankana a tšhankana. Hangata o ne a tšhaba. Mme hangata o ne a le mong a le boda. Emfa eilele a ka tšasu a lefihedi, o ne a kgona ho bora lesele a kgwedi ka fetsente a phapo ya tšhankana. O ne a bina pina co Mme Monikazi a neng a e bina ple a tshwalha. “Tiya matla, ngwanka. Maritha a se a ta fela. Eba sebete, ngwanka. Mmoho re na le matla!”

School days started well before sunrise. The girls washed quickly in the cold water and swept the dormitories before Mass. The milky porridge was never quite enough; the stew not as tasty as Aunty’s back home. But Albertina studied hard. She played netball on sunny afternoons.
The aunties in the birthing room rubbed her back and warmed the water. When Monikazi held her beautiful daughter in her arms, she knew she was a special girl, a fighter. What a blessing! She named her daughter Nontsikelelo. She would be the mother of all blessings.

Albertina joined other women and worked to organise a march to Pretoria. The women refused to carry a pass. They sang, “Wathint’ abafazi; wathint’ imbokodo! You strike a woman; you strike a rock!”

The aunties in the birthing room rubbed her back and warmed the water. When Monikazi held her beautiful daughter in her arms, she knew she was a special girl, a fighter. What a blessing! She named her daughter Nontsikelelo. She would be the mother of all blessings.
Nontsikelelo was beautiful and strong with crinkling black button eyes. She loved her older brother, Mcengi. He made her laugh and so the laughter spread.

She loved to eat meat before she had teeth. Her favourite aunt always kept a little portion on the side of her plate for Ntsiki.

Mcengi chased the chickens that scratched in the garden where Ma Monikazi grew spinach and squash to feed her family. Ntsiki ran after him as her legs grew strong.

Mcengi o ne a le motle mme a le matla ka mahlö a benyang a kang dikonopo tse ntsho. O ne a rata kgaisedi ya hae, Mcengi. O ne a rata ho mo qabola mme ka hloko ho tse a tiya le ho na ho ata.

O ne a rata ho ja nama pele a cha le meno. Mmangwane wa hae eo a neng a mo rata o ne a boloka sekotwana se senyane lehlakoreng poleiting ya hae bakeng sa Ntsiki.

Mcengi o ne a leleka dikgoho tse neng di fatafata thimong moo Mme Monikazi a neng a jetse sepinatjhe le sekwasheseng ho fepa ba lelapa la hae. Ntsiki o ne a dula a matha kamora hae ha maeto a hae a otse a tiya le ho ba matla.
Old stockings, please is from the Rainbow Reading series by Cambridge University Press. Rainbow Reading is a graded series for primary schools. It provides a wealth of original stories and factual texts, which will help learners to develop the reading skills and vocabulary they need to meet the requirements of the curriculum – in all learning areas. Rainbow Reading consists of 350 titles which are grouped by level and theme. For further information, visit www.cup.co.za.
“These are old and they have holes in them. They are too big for you,” said Mom.

“Tsena ke isoa kgale me di na le kgolo haholo ho wena,” ha rialo Mme.

“Please can we have some old stockings, Mom?”

“Ka kopo na re ka fumana dikausu tsa kgale, Mme?”

“Jump, jump up and down. Jump, jump in and out. Come and play with us.”

“Tlola, tlolela hodimo le fatshe. Tlola, tlolela ka hare le ka ntle. Tloo o tlo bapala le rona.”
Ma Monikazi had another baby boy, Velaphi, and another, Qudalele. Finally, Ntsiki had a sister, Nomyaleko. Little Ntsiki folded napkins and washed the baby clothes. She swept the house and fed the fire. She picked up her baby brother when he cried and tickled him till he laughed.

Ntsiki taught her brothers and sisters to sing, “Be strong, little one. Winter is gone. Be brave, little one. Together we’re strong!”

On her sixth birthday Ntsiki went to school. “You must choose an English name,” said the teacher, but Ntsiki liked her own name. “Why do I need a new name?” she asked.

The teacher scowled and read the names aloud, “Adah, Agnes, Albertina, Anna.”

What did they mean? Ntsiki liked the long name best. Albertina! The name had rhythm. Albertina! The name had bounce. Albertina was a name you didn’t mess with.

Some nights Albertina worked till dawn. She looked out the window and thought of her family. Were the children hungry? Did they go to school? Who was riding Shishi? She remembered the dark green spinach. She missed the scent of the earth. There was no vegetable garden here. There was nowhere for a horse.

Albertina never went to parties. She saved every shilling. On her days off, she learnt to play tennis. Whoosh! Phaqa!

Police came in the middle of the night, banging on the door. Albertina scolded the men who messed up her house.

“How rude you are,” she said, “trampling mud inside my home!”

In the morning Albertina’s favourite flowers lay crushed beneath their footprints. She remembered chasing the chickens from her vegetable garden back in Xolobe and set about replanting her garden. The earth, she knew, would recover.

She would support her husband who kept many secrets and hid from the police.

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Ntsiki taught her brothers and sisters to sing, “Be strong, little one. Winter is gone. Be brave, little one. Together we’re strong!”

Mme Monikazi o ne a ena le ngwana e mong wa moshemane, Velaphi, le e mong, Qudalele. Qetellong, Ntsiki a ba le ngwanabo wa ngwana, Nomyaleko. Ntsiki e monyane o ne a mena maleiri mme a hlatswa diaparo tsa lesa. O ne a fiela nto mme a besa mollo. O ne a kula kgatsedinyana ya hae ha e lla mme a mo tsikinyetsa ho tfihla a tsheha. Ntsiki o ile a ruta dikgaisedi tsa hae le ngwanabo wa ngwanama ho hina, “Tyia matla, ngwaneso. Manha a fetile. Eba le sebete, manana. Mmoho re na le matla!”
Qingqiwe, her grandfather, raised horses. His favourite was Shishi, a glossy black mare. As soon as Ntsiki was old enough, he hoisted her onto the saddle in front of him. His strong arms reached around her. He laced the reins through her fingers.

He taught her to talk softly to Shishi and to groom her with a hard bristled brush. When Ntsiki stroked Shishi's glossy coat, she whispered, “You are the most beautiful creature. Thank you for letting me ride on your back.”

Albertina planted flowers in her little garden. Within a year, Max was born. Albertina had become a mother. One day, people would call her the mother of the nation.

Max had his mother's black button eyes and his father's round chin. He was the hope for their future. Albertina wanted to fight for a new South Africa, so that Max could be free.

When he cried, she sang, “Be strong, little one. Winter's not long. Be brave, little one. Together we're strong!”

Walter Sisulu was a brave and clever man who dreamed of freedom for South Africa. His big smile captured Albertina's eye. They walked together down the city streets. Her delicate hand rested on his arm. Walter wanted Albertina to be the mother of his children.

Bright ribbons decorated the Bantu Men's Social Centre on their wedding day. Albertina's long-sleeved dress had a swirling train of lace. Many friends blessed their special day.
Koketso loses the chickens
By Patricia de Villiers  Illustrations by Vian Oelofsen

Every morning Koketso helps her granny feed the chickens in the chicken coop in their back yard.

“Pok, pok, pok,” calls Granny and the chickens come running up to the fence. “Pok, pok, pok,” they say. “Paak, paak, paaaak!” And when Granny and Koketso lean over the low fence to scatter the seed, the chickens push and flap and flutter around, and try to jump over each other to get to the food first.

Koketso always counts the chickens. “One, two, three, four chickens,” she says, “and another one, two, three, four chickens. They’re all here, Granny!”

One morning when Koketso woke up she saw her granny dressed in her best jacket and hat.

“I have to help Mrs Solomon at the clinic this morning,” explained Granny, “so I don’t have time to feed the chickens. Will you do it by yourself, Koketso? You know what to do.”

Granny picked up her handbag and opened the front door. Then she turned to Koketso and said, “Now don’t forget to give the chickens water, and, whatever you do, DON’T let them out of the coop!”

“Oh, Granny,” said Koketso, “I know THAT!”


As soon as her granny had left, Koketso sat down to eat her breakfast. “I’m very, very hungry,” she said to herself. “Those chickens will just have to wait for a little while!”

Koketso ate a big bowl of porridge and drank a glass of milk. Then she sat on the front doorstep and ate an apple.

“Hello!” she said to old Uncle Koos when he came past with his shopping trolley and his little dog.

“Good morning, Mme!” she said waving to Mrs Zihlangu across the road.

“Come and play with me, Pinky,” she called to her cousin, who was coming out of the shop on the corner, carrying a loaf of bread.


Koketso suddenly remembered that she hadn’t fed the chickens. “Oh dear,” she said, “those poor, hungry chickens!”

Sure enough, the chickens were clucking and squabbling in their coop. Koketso opened the low gate very carefully. “Pok, pok, pok,” she said. “Sorry, chickens, here’s your food.” And she scattered the seed on the ground.

“One, two, three, four chickens,” she counted, “and another one, two, three, four chickens.”

Then she saw that the chickens’ water bowl was empty and she hurried off to fetch some water from the kitchen – but she forgot to close the gate behind her!

“Oh no!” said Koketso when she returned with the water and saw the chickens running all over the yard. “Oh no, no, no! Bad chickens! Come back NOW!”

But the chickens kept running – right around the side of the house, down the short path and into the street!

A man on a yellow bicycle came riding along.

“Help! Help!” cried Koketso. “Please help me catch Granny’s chickens!”

“Oh of course I’ll help you,” said the man, and he raced after the chickens on his bicycle, ringing his bell.

As Koketso ran after him, she nearly bumped into Uncle Koos’s trolley.

“Help! Help!” said Koketso puffing and panting. “Uncle Koos, please help me catch Granny’s chickens!”

“Oh of course I’ll help you,” said Uncle Koos, and off he went after the chickens and the man on the yellow bicycle. His little dog ran behind him, barking loudly.

As Koketso ran down the road behind Uncle Koos, she saw her friend, Dikeledi. Dikeledi was practising doing tricks on her skateboard.

“Help! Help, Dikeledi!” cried Koketso. “Please help me catch Granny’s chickens!”

“Oh of course I’ll help you,” said Dikeledi as she zoomed off after the chickens.

As Koketso ran behind Dikeledi she thought about all the terrible things that could happen to the chickens. They could get run over, or they could be eaten by a dog. Or, they could fall into the river and drown. “Oh no, what will Granny say?” she panted. Koketso felt like crying.

“Look what I’ve got!” said a voice. It was the man on the yellow bicycle. He was carrying two of the chickens in a shopping bag.

“One, two chickens,” counted Koketso. “Oh, thank you! Now I just have to find the others.”

Continued on page 15
**Koketso o lahlhelwa ke dikgoho**

*Ka Patricia de Villiers  Ditshwantsho ka Vian Oelofsen*

Hoseg ho hong le hong Koketso o thusa nigongo wa hae ho fepa dikgoho ka serobeng sa dikgoho ka mora nitlo yabo.


Koketso kamehla o bala dikgoho: “Dikgoho tse; ngwe, pedi, tharo, nne,” o rialo, “tse ding hape tse; ngwe, pedi, tharo, nne.” Di flyelsete, Nkgono!”


“Dikgoho tse; ngwe, pedi, tharo, nne,” a bala, “le dikgoho tse ding tse, ngwe, pedi, tharo, nne.”

Yaba o bona hore sekotloto sa metsi a dikgoho ho se ha a thlha mme a matsha ho ya lata metsi ka kitjhineng – empa a lebala ho kwala heke!

“Jonna weel!” ha rialo Koketso ha a kgutla ka metsi mme a bona dikgoho di matsha hohle ke jareteng. “Tjhe bo, tjhe, tjhe! Dikgoho tse tshibaneng! Kgutleng hona JWALE!”

Empa dikgoho tsa towela pele ho baleha – tsa potela ka lehakoreng le leng la nti, tsa theosa ka tlaelana mme tsa kena seretanging!

Monna ya palameng baesekele e tshela a hlahla le mane.

“Thusa! Thusa!” ha hoeletsa Koketso. “Ke kopa o nthuse ho tshwa re dikgoho ts Nkgo no Hle!”

“Ho lokile ke tla o thusa,” ha rialo monna eo, mme a leleleli sa dikgoho ka baesekele, a ntse a letsa thsepe.

Ka tsotsi le leng hoseg ha Koketso a tsoha a bona nigongo wa hae a apere jase ya hae e re sa lebala e hle.


Nkgono a nka mokotlana wa hae mme a bula lemati la ka pele. Mme a hetla a re ho Koketso, “Jwale, o se ke wa lebala ho fa dikgoho metsi, mme, leha o ka etsa eng ka etsa. O SE KE WA di bota le tlo a tlo a hokong!”

“Hao, Nkgono,” ha rialo Koketso, “ke a TSEBA!”


Eltse hang ha nigongo a tsamaya, Koketso a dula fatshe a ja dijo tsa hoseg. “Ke lapile haholo,” a rialo a bua a le mong.”Dikgoho tsane di tlae mme ho ema!”

Koketso a ja sejana se sehelo sa motoho mme a nwa galase ya lebese. Yaba o dula ka ntle setupung mme a ja apoile.

“Dumela!” a rialo ho Malome Koos ya tsofetseng ha a tlo feta moo ka tereli ya ho reka mabenkeleng di tse a la le tsetse a mabele ya hae.

“Dumela, Mme!” a rialo a dumedisa Mof Zihlangu a phahamisitse letsoho ka nqane ho tse a lelela.

“Tlo o tla bapala le nna, Pinky,” a bitsa motswale wa hae, ya neng a etsoa ka lebelelele ke tse ka nqane ho bohole.

“Ke mawabi, nke ke ka kgoana. Ke na le mesebetsi ya lelapa,” a hoelseta le yena. “Na wena ha o na yona?”

Koketso hangang a hopola hore ha a so fepe dikgoho. “Jowee,” a rialo, “dikgoho tsa batho di lapile!”

Ha Koketso a ntse a matha kamora hae, a batla a thula tereli ya Malome Koos.

“Thusa! Thusa!” ha rialo Koketso a hemesela a phefumoloha. “Malome Koos, a ko nthuse re tshware dikgoho tsa Nkgo no Hle ke o a kopa!”

“Ho lokile ke tla o thusa,” ha rialo Malome Koos, mme a lelu a matha kamora dikgoho le monna ya palameng baesekele e tshela. Ntjanyana ya hae ya matsha kamora hae, a ntse a boholelela hodimo.

Ha Koketso a ntse a matha ho theosa tse a lebala kamora Malome Koos, a bona motswalle wa hae, Dikeledi. Dikeledi a ne a ntse a ikwetlisa ho bapala ka sekeibitsho sa hae.

“Thusa! Thusa, Dikeledi!” ha rialo Koketso. “Ke kopa o nthuse re tshware dikgoho tsa Nkgo no Hle!”


“Sheba ke tshwere eng!” ha rialo lentswe. E mme le monna yane wa baesekele e tshela. E o ne a tshwere tse pedi tse dikgoho ka hana mokotlana wa mabenkeleng.


E tswela pele leqepheng la 15
Just then Uncle Koos arrived with some of the chickens in an open cardboard box in his trolley. “Here you go, sweetheart!” he said, out of breath.

“One, two, three, four chickens,” counted Koketso. “That means I have one, two chickens from the man on the yellow bicycle, and another one, two, three, four from Uncle Koos. Oh thank you, thank you! Now I just have to find the others.”

Just then Dikeledi whizzed up on her skateboard. “Look what I’ve found, Koketso!” she said holding a chicken under her arm.

“That makes one, two, three, four chickens,” said Koketso, “and another one, two, three chickens. Oh thank you, thank you! But there’s still one chicken missing!”

Koketso’s friends helped to put the chickens back into their coop. Then they helped her to look everywhere for the last chicken, but no one could find it.

When Granny got home from the clinic, Koketso made her some tea. “Sit down, Granny,” said Koketso. “You must be very tired! Sit down and have a nice cup of tea and a biscuit!”

Granny looked at Koketso closely. “Is everything alright?” she asked. “You don’t usually make me tea.”

Koketso burst into tears. “Oh, Granny,” she wailed. “Something terrible happened while you were out!” Then she told her granny the whole story. “And, and, and,” she sobbed, “one of the chickens is still missing. And it’s your favourite one – the one with the speckles.”

“That is a shame, Koketso,” Granny said sternly. “That one laid more eggs than any of the others. Well, I hope you’ve learnt to be more careful!”

“Oh, I have, Granny,” sniffed Koketso. “I really have!”

Granny picked up the chicken and stroked its beak. “I’m glad to have you back,” Granny said.

“And look, Granny,” said Koketso pointing to the washing basket, “she’s laid an egg!”

There, on top of the washing, was a big, brown, speckled egg!

“We’ll have that for supper,” said Granny handing the chicken to Koketso. “Take this chicken back to the coop, please – and this time don’t forget to shut the gate!”

Just then there was a squawking noise in the corner of the kitchen. When Granny and Koketso looked, they saw the missing chicken. She was sitting happily on top of a pile of clean washing in the washing basket!
Do you enjoy reading and telling jokes? Draw pictures to go with the first five jokes and then try writing your own joke in the last box. Enjoy sharing these jokes with your family and friends.

**Monate wa Nal’ibali**

Na o natefelwa ke ho bala le ho bolela metlae? Taka setshwantsho se tsamaelanang le metlae ya pele e mehloko mo leke ho ngola metlae oo e leng wa hao ka lebokosang la ho qetela. Natafelwa ke ho abelana ka metlae ena le ba lelapa la hao le metswalle.

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**1.**

**Teacher:** What sentence is said the most at school?

**Child:** I don't know.

**Teacher:** Correct!

**Titjhere:** Ke polelo efeng e buuwang ho feta sekolong?

**Ngwana:** Ha ke tsebe.

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**2.**

**Man:** Doctor, Doctor, what did the x-ray of my head show?

**Doctor:** Absolutely nothing!

**Manna:** Ngaka, Ngaka, x-ray e itseng ka hitloso ya ka?

**Ngaka:** Ha e a re letha!

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**3.**

**Child 1:** What has a green spotted body, twelve hairy legs and big eyes on stalks?

**Child 2:** I don't know, but there's one crawling up your leg!

**Ngwana 1:** Ke eng e nang le mmele o matheba o matlala, maota o leshome le metso e mmedi o boya le mahlo a maholo dithepung?

**Ngwana 2:** Ha ke tsebe, empa ho na le e tossa a le metswale ya hao mono!

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**4.**

**Question:** What did the monster eat after the dentist pulled his tooth out?

**Answer:** The dentist!

**Potso:** Setshosa se le sa ja eng kamora hoba ngaka ya meno e ntsitse leino la sona?

**Karabo:** Ngaka ya meno!

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**5.**

**Teacher:** If there are twelve flies on a desk and I hit one with a ruler, how many are left?

**Child:** Only the squashed one!

**Titjhere:** Haeba ho ena le ditshintshi tse leshome le metso e mmedi tafolang mme ka ota e le ntsitse ka rula, ho sala tse kae?

**Ngwana:** E o e otlileng feela!

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**6.**

**Question:** What did the monster eat after the dentist pulled his tooth out?

**Answer:** The dentist!

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Do you have questions about reading and writing with your children or about reading clubs? Send your questions to us through the Nal’ibali website – www.nalibali.org. Scroll down to “Ask the Expert” on the home page, click on the button, type in your question and then press “Submit”. We’ll ask someone from our team of literacy experts to send you a response.

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